James Dawkins

WHAT HAVE THE WHIGS DONE?

G. ELLERTON, PRINTER, GOUGH SQUARE, LONDON.

WHAT HAVE THE WHIGS DONE?

OR,

AN ANSWER

TO

MR. EDWARD LYTTON BULWER'S LETTER

ON THE

"PRESENT CRISIS."

Second Edition.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY WILLIAM MARSH,
OXFORD STREET.
1834.

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WHAT HAVE THE WHIGS DONE?

We have with some pleasure read and cogitated over a pamphlet by Mr. Bulwer, dignified by the name and title of the "Present Crisis," and purporting to be a kind of trumpet-tongued warning to all the stray Whigs and wavering Radicals of the country, (as if oil and water could mix) to unite against the absolute sway of Arthur Duke of Wellington, who is styled "Dictator" by the special wisdom of the author of "Devereux" and of the "Last Days of Pompeii."

Considering the awful crisis at which, according to Mr. Bulwer, we are arrived, we wonder that no other besides the Morning Chronicle—better known as the Squirt Paper—and Mr. Bulwer, should have warned us that we were seated on a barrel of gunpowder, which would explode when least expected; that the general tranquillity of the country was merely

the "torrent's smoothness ere it dash below," or the treacherous calm before the hurricane. We admit, with Mr. Bulwer, that the country is tranquil; and we are silly enough to believe, that, in spite of the predictions in the Chronicle on the Crisis, that tranquillity will not be disturbed by the auspicious change which has lately taken place in the administration of his Majesty's Government. If we have changed for the worse, we are in a most lamentable situation; for it is evident, to any man who has read the newspapers or Mr. Bulwer's pamphlet, that the late Administration broke up, or was broken up, because an aged Nobleman died, and his son, according to the still existing law of the country, was removed from the Lower to the Upper House;—that by this change, which must have been, according to Bulwer, long foreseen, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer became vacant;—and that, amongst all the talents, all the splendid governors and deputy-governors, council and committee of the Penny Magazine, not one of that numerous and motley group could be selected to fill the office which had been held by Lord Althorp—a nobleman of excellent private character, but who, we are rash enough to advance, was not

equal to Solomon in wisdom or Cocker in calculation. His Budgets, from the first to the last, were so many signals for general laughter throughout the country. He endeavoured to use the old hocus-pocus conjuring of taking money out of one pocket and placing it in the other; and this with such Breslaw ability and legerdemain, that one pocket was not lighter or the other heavier. But, alas for the tattle of human nature! we had other conjurors, who betrayed the trick, and ridicule followed the discovery. The Tories, with a generous kindness, altered his measures sufficiently to let them pass; and the whole country applauded the second edition of Lord Althorp's Budget. His father dies; and the Government, who in the plenitude of their wisdom had liberated the Negroes and encouraged the Trades' Union, could not find one man to take the place of his Lordship, either as Chancellor of the Exchequer or Leader of the House of Commons. We presume that some of our readers know his worth as a Chancellor; and those who have heard his Lordship *speak*, are fully aware of the insuperable difficulty of replacing so eloquent, so fluent an orator.

When we took up the pamphlet, it was with some

curiosity; we wished to ascertain whether, upon a crisis—that is, upon a pinch—Mr. Lytton Bulwer could produce any thing which was not superficial. The pamphlet has cleared the point; for if the author could have written well, never in his existence had he so strong an inducement. A weaker production, a greater farrago of nonsense, a more inflated specimen of mouthery and invective, has seldom been ventured before the public. Although Mr. Bulwer would disguise them, yet his motives are as evident as his rhodomontade is absurd. We will now, without further remark, strip this flowery Frankenstein, and expose to the public the miserable collection of dry bones upon which, to impose upon them, he has wreathed his flowery garland.

The opening paragraph is bad in style, as well as in taste. "The Duke of Wellington has obtained many victories, but he never yet has obtained a victory over the English people."—That is very true: the Duke of Wellington never has, and never will attempt to do any such thing. When he has come forward, it has been to *lead* the English people, not to oppose them. If he has not been so successful in the cabinet as he has been in the field, he has

still acted as he *considered* the most conducive to the interest of the country.—Mr. Bulwer continues: "His first battle was to prevent giving power to the people — the power obtained, his second is to resist it." (We *attack* power *obtained:* the word resist is not well placed.) "It is the usual fate of fortunate warriors, that their old age is the sepulchre of their renown." To prove this last observation, the author of the Crisis brings forward the *solitary* instance of the Duke of Marlborough, which might be applicable to authors as well as warriors:—

> "From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
> "And Swift expires a driveller and a show."

Now if it is, as is asserted, the *usual* fate, could not Mr. Bulwer, with all his classic reminiscences, bring forward another instance in which old age has proved the sepulchre of the renown of fortunate warriors? Had Mr. Bulwer asserted that it was the usual fate of fortunate warriors that old age brought them to their sepulchres, he would have made a shrewd remark, which no one would have contradicted.

To continue:—"Marlborough was a trickster, but he sought only to trick a court—has the Duke of Wellington a greater ambition, and would he trick a

people?" Mr. Bulwer will allow us to observe, that he himself is a pretty fair proof how much easier it is to gull the public, than those who are in power; and, in the next place, that the word "grand" is very misplaced. There is nothing grand in trickery; and we think that the same ambition which inclined Lord Wellington to serve his country so nobly in the field, would ever prevent his condescending to trickery, which is rather the ambition of a young pickpocket, or of an old Whig.

"Soldiers," continues Mr. Bulwer, "like chimneys, which are useful in winter and useless in summer, are great in war and valueless in peace. The chimneys smoke again! The smoking of the chimney is the first sign of the conflagration of the edifice." This is not only borrowed, but inaptly applied. It is borrowed from an epigram on a miser:

> "His chimney smokes—it is some omen dire:
> "The neighbours are alarmed, and shout out *fire*."

It is most inaptly applied, as it must be acknowledged that the Duke of Wellington has proved no *miser* of his talents and exertions, when they have been required by the country. And thus ends the first paragraph, in smoke.

"Let us examine," says Mr. Bulwer, "the state of affairs." That is exactly what we propose to do; it is coming to the point; and we forgive the flash in the pan at starting, hoping to come to closer quarters—but we are astonished to find, that throughout the whole pamphlet the author has never entered into any examination whatever. We have plenty of assertions of seeing and fore-seeing, of telling and fore-telling; but nothing approaching to reasoning or examination. "The King has dissolved Lord Melbourne's Administration," says Mr. Bulwer, "and the Duke of Wellington is at the head of affairs: who will be his colleagues, admits of no speculation." Now, with all deference to the author above-named, we do think it the source of very great speculation; and so does he himself, for in the latter part of the pamphlet he devotes a dozen pages to this very speculation.—"Every man in the political world, who *sees one inch before his nose*"—(fie, fie, Mr. Bulwer! what an expression from such a swan-quill as yours!) —"is aware, that, although his Grace may have an option in regard to *measures*, he has none in regard to men." Now this is the very point on which we consider that the Duke of Wellington has a decided

advantage. Mr. Bulwer grants that the Duke has an option with regard to measures ;—that is more than the Whigs had ; for they promised and vowed to stand god-fathers to such a host of Radical bantlings, that *they* had no option left ; they pawned every thing of value belonging to the Constitution, in order to procure spoons for the font *.

Again : " He has no option with respect to men." Here we thank Heaven that Mr. Bulwer is correct ; for should his Grace once attempt to ally himself, which is impossible to his nature, with those who would have sacrificed the best interest of his country to their own personal ambition and love of place, he would indeed be deserving of all the vituperation which Mr. Bulwer has heaped upon him.

He continues : " That even Lord Stanley, of whom by the unthinking a momentary doubt was entertained, scorns the very notion of an union with the Conservatives." We cannot deny this, not being on such confidential terms with that distinguished personage ; but this we know, that he *scorned* the Whigs ; and,

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* " *King Henry*. Come, come, my lord : you 'll spare your spoons."—*Henry VIII.*

rather than sacrifice his principles, he cut the unworthy connexion; and we should be rather inclined to surmise that Lord Stanley has that respect for the Duke of Wellington which all honest and high-principled gentlemen must have, however much they may differ on political subjects. We have then a flourish of Mr. Flint and Gyngle's brass-band, in which Mr. Bulwer sneers at the "old company again, and the old motto of *Vivant* Rex et Regina."

What can Mr. Bulwer intend by this sneer? Is there an objection to that loyal motto? Can he mean to insinuate, which is not boldly asserted, that he looks forward to a Revolution, and the King and Queen perishing on the scaffold? Certainly the indignities and contumely which he heaps upon the Sovereign, and to which we shall presently refer, would almost warrant the supposition.

"Thank God," he continues, "there can be no intermixture of Whigs and Tories;"—a prayer in which we most fervently join; and the only passage in the whole pamphlet with which we perfectly accord.

Mr. Bulwer now becomes classical.

"Your Lordship remembers" (we doubt very much if his Lordship did, before he was prompted)

"in Virgil, how Æneas meets suddenly with the souls of those who were to return to the earth they had before visited, after drinking *deep enough* of oblivion: so now, how eager, how noisy, how anxious, wait the Conservative shadows for the happy hour which is to unite them to the substance of place!" Can three short years of watching over folly and imbecility be considered as enough of oblivion? Would not this illustration be more happily applied to the Whigs, who, after so long a period, at last, and unexpectedly, found themselves in power? Surely to them Mr. Bulwer refers, when he says, "Happy *rogues!* behold them in the Elysium of their hopes, perched upon little red boxes tied together with *little* red strings!" And has Mr. Bulwer himself, when he *round* by *round* formed his political ladder, climbing up from Pelham to the Disowned, from the Disowned to Devereux, from Devereux to Paul Clifford, from Paul Clifford to the Siamese-twins—(that last step was rotten; it gave way, and Mr. Bulwer hurt his shins)—and so on, step by step, until he became an M. P., and now is arrived at his "Crisis;" has he never thought of the little red boxes tied *with* little red tape?

Again: "The great Florentine historian speaks with solemn indignation, as of something till then unheard-of in the corruption of human nature, that in the time of the Plague there were certain men who rejoiced, for it was an excellent time for pillage: the people perished, but the brigands throve; and who not only profited by the danger of the public, but to obtain the profit produced the danger!" Surely, surely, Mr. Bulwer must have been short of ammunition, and has had recourse to the very arrows which, although now they are returned without points, have so cruelly wounded the Whigs.

We are now arrived at Mr. Bulwer's two grand propositions: firstly, that his Majesty must have had a secret understanding with the Duke of Wellington, or he never would have dismissed Lord Melbourne's Administration; and Mr. Bulwer very loyally gives his Majesty the option of acknowledging this, or submitting to the charge of "No prudence, a want of the common resources of discretion, and of *reckless and improvident lunacy!*" These are hard terms to offer to a Sovereign; and we will take the liberty to assert that there is no foundation for his disloyal invectives.

His Majesty has been brought up in a service where decision is absolutely necessary, and has often proved that he is not deficient in this valuable desideratum. As his Majesty is a sailor, let us first argue nautically. What owner of a ship, who would not prefer that his vessel should suffer from demurrage, rather than suffer a drunken, imbecile sot of a master to strand her on the rocks? Let us land: Would not any gentleman, who was riding in his own carriage, order his coachman to be pulled off his box when he discovered that he was unable to guide the horses, rather than be overturned? and, to use Mr. Bulwer's own phrase, "Would he not prefer a *job* coachman for the time, until he procured another of good character, and who understood his business?" —Let us take a common-place argument, and more applicable to Mr. Bulwer himself. If he were to find, by some *mistake*, that he was about to enter a drawing-room with a *shocking bad hat*, would he not prefer to throw it away in the passage, rather than make his appearance with it?—Let us descend to the lower orders. If a blind man was to discover that the urchin who attended him, instead of guiding him on the safest path, was to lead him into the

ditches and mire, would he not discharge him, and prefer groping with his own stick, to trusting to such a treacherous companion?—To wind up our argument with one of Mr. Bulwer's classical reminiscences: "Why did the god of Day send his son out the chariot bottom over top into the Po, but because he discovered he did not know how to handle the ribbons, and that he had either to choose between this alternative, or of suffering a general conflagration?

Will Mr. Bulwer still venture to assert that his Majesty is an improvident lunatic?

The next proposition of the author of the Crisis is, that there is danger in the experiment (a change of Ministry). But whatever danger there may be in the experiment, the extent of that danger is not known; whereas, on the other hand, it was evident that by allowing the Whigs to remain in, the danger was positive and great.

"Tell us," says Mr. Bulwer, "of one example in the records of human events, in which the public, having obtained the ascendant power, have ever given it back again within two years of the date of their possession. Will they of their own accord give back that power to the very men from whom they

have wrested it? the notion is too preposterous." Here Mr. Bulwer, like Tom Thumb, "makes his giants first, and then he kills them." Upon what ground does he assume that it is the intention of a Government not yet formed, and the materials of which it is composed as yet unknown, to wrest back from the people the addition which they have lately received to their power? No: if to prevent that liberty, which the more it is extended as liberty must prove a blessing, from degenerating into licentiousness, which is a curse—if to bring forward no longer weak and ridiculous measures—if to relieve the burthens of the people, by allowing such burthens to be borne equally by all, and not allowing one portion to be sacrificed for the advantage of another—if to take such steps as will restore our lost commercial and shipping prosperity, and repair the damages which have accrued from the schemes of visionary enthusiastics—if such measures as these may be considered as enfringing on, let alone wresting from the people of England their liberties which they have gained, we acknowledge that in all probability such principles will be acted upon. As for Mr. Bulwer's tirade against the Duke of Wellington

and a standing army, it is unworthy of him, and mere clap-trap to excite sedition, and only used by those who want argument, and consequently resort to invention.

Mr. Bulwer states "that England has two prominent sources of trouble: the one, is the state of Ireland; the other, the House of Lords." That Ireland has been a source of trouble, is undoubted: it has been a species of human volcano for some hundred years, either smoking, threatening, or bursting out into fiery commotion. But let us ask Mr. Bulwer, since Ireland has always proved the rock on which all *legislative* enactments have been split, for the best of all possible reasons, because it will receive no *law*, how has it been governed during the Whig Administration? And does he mean to assert that the Bill thrown out, allowing that it had been carried, would have had the effect of quieting that unhappy country? Would not such a disgraceful yielding have only occasioned demands still more unwarrantable? We are quite at a loss to mention one proposition made by the Whigs to quiet Ireland—excepting always the clause in the Coercion Bill, by which means they dispensed with juries, and took the more summary

mode of drum-head court-martials. If the Irish do not rejoice that such weak vacilating Ministers are dismissed, they are only fit for a greater tyranny, in the Dictatorship of O'Connell.

In allusion to the House of Lords Mr. Bulwer says, "We foresaw this: we all knew that in six months the collision between the two Houses would come." That the House of Lords rejected the Irish Church Bill is most true; but does it therefore follow, that if another Bill is sent up by the House of Commons, which is sensible and well-digested, that it would also be refused? Would it not be more honourable first to see what is proposed?—and that something will be proposed there can be no doubt, when the next Administration comes into office—and thus decide how far the House of Lords are willing to come into collision with the people; how far they are anxious to meet them in any propositions tending to ameliorate the condition of the country, by their being based upon wholesome and sound doctrines.

The next question brought forward by Mr. Bulwer is in capitals, and intended to be peculiarly expressive, if not peculiarly mischievous: "ARE THE

PEOPLE OF ENGLAND TO BE GOVERNED ACCORDING TO THE OPINIONS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS, OR ACCORDING TO THEIR OWN PRINCIPLES OF REFORM? that is the point at issue, twist, pervert it, construe it, as you will."

By this question Mr. Bulwer would appear to be ignorant of the Constitution of England. According to our ideas, the *people* consist in the House of Lords and the House of Commons combined: if they do not, the House of Lords, and we may add the Sovereign, are but ciphers, and our Constitution is but a pure democracy. Have the Lords no possessions, no interests at stake, in the country, as well as the Commoners? Do not the Commons refuse Bills sent down by the House of Lords? Can the Sovereign receive his supplies without their consent? And have not the House of Lords their same right to reject a Bill which would violate all rights of property, and to which every sensible man in the kingdom has objected?

In all Mr. Bulwer's writings, we will not except one, whenever he attempts to be facetious or witty he fails. He is very elegant, and very pretty; but he has no pretensions to wit or humour; still less to

that caustic, dry humour in which it is necessary to dip political weapons, if you would give those incurable wounds ascribed to the arrows dipped in the venom of the Hydra. His attempt at humour about the death of Lord Spencer, is the most lamentable failure in his unfortunate pamphlet. It is always bad to joke upon a *grave* subject: we pass it over, and proceed to his next observations.

"There are some persons simple enough to imagine, that, though the Tory government may imply Tory men, it does not imply Tory measures; that, the Duke of Wellington having changed his sentiments" (no, not his sentiments, his actions) "on the Catholic Question, will change them again upon matters like the Reform of the Protestant Church, the abuses of Corporations, perhaps even Triennial Parliaments, and the purgation of the Pension List!" He afterwards proceeds to say, that, provided the Duke is an apostate, there are many who will support him.—This is very plausible, but very shallow, and proves that Mr. Bulwer never was, nor ever will be, a great philosopher. Not only is there no rest for the wicked, but there is no rest for the world, and all that therein is. Every thing is in a state of pro-

gression or recession, whether we refer to man isolated, as a corporeal or mental being, or to men in society, as constituting kingdoms and empires; or kingdoms and empires, as if they were one mass of congregated body and soul. Every thing advances, arrives at perfection, and decays, from the ephemeris, whose portion of existence is circumscribed to a day, to the oldest and most venerated Constitutions, which have cemented empires for centuries. Some social compacts are so happily arranged—and the Constitution of England is one of them—that they may be repaired without being injured; and when, from gradual encroachment on one side and neglect on the other, a preponderating balance has threatened to subvert the equilibrium, the weight may again be thrown on the side which demands it, and the Constitution be more firmly established than ever.

To legislate upon certain rules, will, generally speaking, be sufficient for the guidance of any one legislator during the brief span of his existence; for it is not usual that in the life of one man such an undue preponderance would have been acquired of one part over the other part of the body politic; and it is on this account that legislators do not per-

ceive when the time is come that an alteration has become necessary. The growth of opinion is so slow and gradual as to be hardly perceptible; but when it does arrive at its full extent, it bursts suddenly and unexpectedly, finding those who should watch over it wholly unprepared to yield. It is true that the Duke of Wellington did not consider the Catholic question was necessary to be carried. It had been agitated from time to time for more than half a century, and, after an occasional struggle, was again in quiescence. Many others, equally talented and equally devoted to their country, were of the same opinion as his Grace; but they, as well as himself, have since admitted that they were wrong. Whenever this political crisis does arrive, all rules for legislation must be for a time considered as put aside, until the social balance and social order are regained. The people of England demanded, as their right, a greater share in the legislative government: they have obtained it: they were right in their demand, and the King and the Aristocracy were wise in their concession. Now it is well known, that in the struggle for power, especially when flushed with success, that each demand will be succeeded by another: as long as the Aristo-

cracy will yield, so long will the public insist. It is equally true, that demands, in themselves just, have long been permitted to lie in abeyance from the supposition that the attempt to obtain them were useless; but, one great point having been obtained, the minor ones are invariably brought to recollection. And thus it is, that, hurried away by the success of the moment, and the feeling of having recovered rights long refused, many are at last insisted upon which are in themselves not only unreasonable, but which would, if granted, again endanger the equilibrium by which our Constitution has been so long secured, whilst others have been again and again overturned, passing through the various phases between the change of Democracy to the fulness of Despotism.

A collision has taken place between the Government of this country and the People: the latter have gained much, and they call for more. In some instances they are right; in others they are wrong. Cannot Mr. Bulwer suppose that there are men in this country, having the welfare of State and Constitution at heart, who will fairly weigh the merits of these various demands; conceding such as are founded upon justice and common sense, and reject-

ing those which are inimical to good government? And will it not be more prudent to confide the reins of power into such hands, than to allow them to remain in those of the Whigs, who would grant any, and every thing, to retain their positions; or to the Radicals, who, once in possession of the House, would,

> "Like Samson, pull the ruin upon all,
> And crush themselves amid the general fall."

Mr. Bulwer wishes to ask the new Administration, "Will they curtail the Protestant Establishment of Catholic Ireland? They have called the attempt spoliation: will they turn spoliators?" In reply to this, let us ask Mr. Bulwer a question. At the time of the Reformation, the larger proportion of the Catholic-Church property was made over to the Established Reform Church; but a part of it, and not a small one, was divided amongst favourites, and is now held by Lay Impropriation. Certainly, of all property, this is held by the tenure most indefensible. Is Mr. Bulwer prepared to say that *he will vote* for all Lay Impropriators returning their portion of the Church Property, to be applied to the uses of the Church, whether Catholic or Protestant?

Mr. Bulwer asserts that the Duke of Wellington is "the *incarnation* of the House of Lords, in opposition to the voice of the House of Commons." Thus does he deify him. With the same liberal feeling will we deify Mr. Bulwer. He is a perfect Vishnou, who was incarnate seven times. Gods are only incarnate that they may perform their work on earth; and we have his seven incarnations in Pelham, Disowned, Devereux, Paul Clifford, Siamese Twins, Eugene Aram, and Pompeii.

Commenting upon the conduct of his opponents, Mr. Bulwer observes: "For a poor vengeance, or a worse ambition, they are hazarding the Monarchy itself: by playing the Knave, they expose the King." —Now, will Mr. Bulwer point out to us the wit of this remark? for we do not know any game of cards to which it refers. Losers generally change the cards. But if it refers to no game, it is like all his attempts at wit,—a *lost game*. One thing is certain, that throughout the whole of Mr. Bulwer's political game he has so contrived to shuffle his cards, that, notwithstanding his Majesty has cut the knaves, Lord Melbourne is invariably turned up, as trumps.

And now we come to the very marrow and pith of

Mr. Bulwer's pamphlet. He has bespattered the Duke of Wellington; he has called the King an "improvident lunatic:" now he remarks upon the Whigs—that is to say, the Whigs previous to Lord Melbourne's acceptation of office; for every thing hinges on that important point. "In the palmiest days of their power, I stooped not the knee to them. By vote, pen, and speech, I have humbly and honestly asserted my own independence; and I had my reward in the sarcasms and the deprecations of that party which seemed likely, for the next quarter of a century, to be the sole dispensers of the ordinary prizes of ambition. No matter: I wanted not their favours, and could console myself for the thousand little obstacles by which a powerful party can obstruct the parliamentary progress of one who will not adopt their errors. It cannot be denied that the Whig government disappointed the people; and by the Whig government I refer to that of my Lord Grey; not because it did not go far enough, but because it went too far."

Mr. Bulwer continues: "The cabinet of Lord Melbourne had *not been* tried. There was a vast difference between the two administrations; and that

difference was this—in the one, the more liberal party was *the minority;* in the other, it was *the majority.* In the cabinet of the late Premier [Lord Melbourne], the weight of Sir John Hobhouse, Lord Duncannon, and the Earl of Mulgrave, was added to the scale of the people."—So that the administration of Lord Grey went too far; and, now that Lord Melbourne had added to the scale of the *people*, it was certain, that, had it been tried, it would have done better! Would they not have gone *further?* This is rather puzzling.—Mr. Bulwer then goes on to laud Lord Melbourne; but he first observes that he is not to be accused of adulation: "With Lord Melbourne himself it was my lot in *early youth* to be brought in contact; and though our acquaintance has now altogether ceased (for I am not one who seeks to refresh the memories of the great), I still retain a lively impression." And after this he writes Lord Melbourne's epitaph as a Statesman. He had but a short life; and we venture to say that a more fulsome panegyric was never penned by the obsequious Dryden or the starving Otway: hear it!! "Few persons could have been selected by a King as prime minister, in those days of violent party,

and of constant change, who were more fitted by nature and circumstances to act *with* the people and *for* the King. A politician probably less ardent than sagacious, he was exactly the man to conform to the genius of a particular time; to know how far to go with prudence, where to stop with success. Not vehement in temper, not inordinate in ambition, he was not likely to be hurried away by private objects, affections, or resentments. To the moment of his elevation to Premier, it can scarcely be said of his political life that it affords one example of imprudence." *Requiescat in pace!* and let us hope he may not use the word "*resurgam.*" It is worthy of remark, that Mr. Bulwer acknowledges that it was only in early youth that he was in contact with Lord Melbourne; and that even now, Lord M. as a statesman has never been tried. Upon what ground, then, does Mr. Bulwer panegyrise his Lordship? In early youth he certainly could not appreciate his talents—the public life of Lord Melbourne has been nothing. We ask the ground of this excessive adulation, which would almost warrant a blush from the marble, were it engraven on the tombstone of this "*Untried Condemned.*"

We respect Lord Melbourne, as a quiet, clever, sensible man, who writes well; but who, not having *been tried*, we cannot uphold, as Mr. Bulwer has done, as the cynosure of statesmen. There can be but one reason—if we are wrong, we beg Mr. Bulwer's pardon: it is he himself who has led us into the error. Although Mr. Bulwer despises place, and as we never knew one out who did not, we suspect that he does not know himself. Mr. Bulwer's principles are those of an ultra-Whig—change them he cannot, and we sincerely believe would not—should any other administration than that of Lord Melbourne's come into power, Mr. Bulwer will have no opportunity of gratifying a laudable ambition. If no other administration can be formed which will carry a majority in the House of Commons, his Majesty will be obliged, Mr. Bulwer thinks, to fall back upon Lord Melbourne; and then—*and then,"happy rogue! behold him in the elysium of his hopes, perched upon little red boxes, tied together by little red strings!"* And this is evident from Mr. Bulwer's pamphlet. He is terribly afraid that all his fondest hopes will be crushed by Sir Robert Peel's acceptance of office. It is quite ludicrous to remark how he alternately bullies and

cajoles this great personage, to scare him from the rash attempt. Observe the following:

"Meanwhile, eager and panting flies the courier to Sir Robert Peel. Grave Sir Robert—how well we can picture his prudent face! with what solemn swiftness will he obey the call!" Then, provided he refuses: "He will stand a *power in himself*, a man true to principle, impervious to temptation."—Again, if he accepts: "Will he be mad enough to do the one; will he be base enough to do the other? can he be a tyrant, or will he be a turncoat?" But if he refuses, we find him again "Great in his talents, greater in his position, greatest in his honour." If yes, "Bully, or hypocrite:" if no—(how few in this age may say the same!)—"a great man."

Such is the language of Mr. Bulwer towards Sir Robert Peel, and we trust that a copy of the Crisis may not fall into his hands before he has made up his mind: he might, under the fear of Mr. Bulwer, refuse office: then Lord Melbourne might be sent for; and then—what part of the play is Mr. Bulwer to enact? He has not been very happy in his quotations from Shakspeare: let us try if we can fit him with any passage when he is about (oh false vision!) to accept office.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.—*Bulwer as Bottom.*

Quince.—"Is all our company here? Marry, our play is the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe. You, Nick Bottom, are set down as Pyramus.

Bottom.— *That* will ask some tears in the true performing of it. But my chief humour is for the *Tyrant.* I could play Ercles rarely or a part to tear a cat in.

Quince.—Francis Flute, you must take Thisbe on you.

Bottom.—An I may hide my face! Let *me* play *Thisbe too.* I'll speak in a monstrous little voice.

Quince.—Snug the Joiner, you the Lion's part.

Bottom.—Let me *play the Lion* too. I will roar that it will do any man's heart good to hear me.

Quince.—You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man—a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day—a most lovely, gentleman-like man. Therefore you must now play Pyramus.

But suppose Mr. Bulwer should not act his part well—We must turn over.

Company as before.

Enter Bottom, with an ass's head.

Snout.—Oh, Bottom, thou art changed! What do I see on thee?

Quince.—Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! Thou art translated.

Bottom.—I see their knavery: this is to make an ass

of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from *this place*, do what they can.

So endeth Mr. Bulwer's pamphlet, excepting some few remarks or denunciations upon the Tories, and an appeal to the Electors of England. To these desultory nothings we need not reply. We now, therefore, come to our second point, namely, What the Whigs have done, that Mr. Bulwer should so pathetically mourn their loss.

The first grand measure which placed them in power, was the Reform Bill, to which the Tories objected for the following reasons :—

The Tories are enemies to any crude, undigested, hasty measure, which strikes at the Constitution of the country, and which requires a million of alterations; which dispenses no blessing; which can serve no end. The Bill is passed; the Tories were in a minority; and now must endeavour, since they are likely to assume the reins of government, to make that work well, which the Radicals have considered as absolutely necessary. The wisdom of all ages is against these sudden changes, because all desperate innovations are bad. These destructive measures unhinge

society, by shaking the confidence of the community; they paralyze trade; they fill the Gazette—not with victories, but bankrupts; they occasion strong party feeling, and arm one-half of the nation against the other; they call into existence the worst of passions; they agitate, they divide the people. If, therefore, such a measure became necessary, and we will not dispute it, it was doubly necessary that the greatest caution should have been used in framing such a law. Have not the Whigs, in the present Reform Bill, been more anxious to serve themselves than the people, by clipping the Tory boroughs and retaining their own? Now let us ask, What have the people gained by this Reform Bill? Is bread cheaper? as Mr. Cobbett asks: and he brings to our memory the late Lord Chancellor, then Harry Brougham, standing upon the hustings and waving hat, exclaiming, as the beginning of his speech, "Cheap bread!" Most certainly not. Are the taxes diminished? Some are diminished; but some are added. Is the National Debt reduced? No: it is increased upwards of twenty-one millions. Have these people, who ascended to power on the Jacob ladder of pledges, fulfilled them? Have the general reduction of salaries and expenses been examined

and curtailed? Have the sinecures been abolished? Have the Bishops been ejected from the House of Lords? Have universal suffrage and triennial Parliaments been commanded, or bribery and corruption subdued? In short, have the halcyon days returned, filled with contentment and plenty, to supercede those disgraceful years which terminated when the Lion of Waterloo was torn from its pedestal? No: the only gainers by this great measure are those who now possess something of which they may be bribed, and poverty is not sufficiently strong to withstand temptation."

"But the rotten boroughs are swept away," says one; "and we have a more extended representation."—"Very true; but for want of those very boroughs your Attorney-General was running from place to place to recover his seat in Parliament, owing to his having accepted that high situation, and the House of Commons was without the head of the Law Officers for months. Moreover, you have only had a substitution of rotten Whig for rotten Tory boroughs."

"Well, well; but you admit that now men of property—householders, for instance—have a voice at an election—a vote for a candidate?"—"Oh yes; but look

at the way this has been managed. At Brighton, a place celebrated, notwithstanding the Pavilion, for a strong disposition to Radicalism: in the whole extent of those magnificent buildings, from east to west, facing the sea, only forty votes can be polled; whereas in a back street, unknown to most of the respectable inhabitants, in which poverty is signalized by the rags which hang to dry from window to window, no less than one hundred votes can be procured. In all manufacturing towns this is equally applicable. You have given an equal preponderance to the man who has a tenement of ten pounds a year, with him who pays hundreds in the shape of taxes."

"An oversight," replies the Whig admirer: "in all great changes some sacrifice must be made; besides, the people are the source of all power. But you must admit that the Whigs took off the House Tax." —"Yes; rather than lose their places, they certainly did: and now I fancy you will be rather embarrassed to find any more blessings they conferred upon us."

"Sir, the Whigs were no time-serving placemen, no sinecurists, no retired pensioners."—"That was merely because they were out of office. We are

told by Mr. Bulwer, in his 'Devereux,' that there is a difference between politics and policy: the former being wisdom for one's country; the latter, wisdom for one's-self. Now, amongst all the men of high talents who have adorned the woolsack of the House of Lords, we never possessed such a fecundity of talent in any head as in that of Lord Brougham and Vaux. In justice to him be it said, that he understood both politics and policy: the first, when he sent the Seals to his Majesty, being wisdom for his country; and the second, in the addition of his retiring pension, being wisdom for himself."

"But, sir," continues the upholder of the Whigs, "look at our foreign policy—look at the peace we have maintained for the last three years."—"The foreign policy at the Reform time was this: Non-intervention, Peace. But no sooner did that idea of Malthus occur, that 'a drain was requisite,' than the Government connived at the embarkation of half the raggamuffins of England, in order to assist Don Pedro in overthrowing the lawful sovereign of Portugal. In spite of the general declaration of peace, not whispered, but loudly exclaimed from hustings to

hustings, backed by those words, 'Non-interference, Non-intervention, on our part or on the part of others,' ships were fitted out in the Thames; arms were purchased and embarked; men were crimped, under a delusive hope of future reward; Captains in his Majesty's Navy hoisted large flags, and called themselves Admirals. The whole army of Don Pedro became a mass of hireling adventurers; the whole navy, English sailors. Nay, to such a pitch of audacity was the assistance rendered, that steam-boats, filled with men, arms, and ammunition, passed the forts of the Douro under the protection of his Majesty's flag. The Foreign Enlistment Bill was found useless. Thus the old ally of England was handed over to the Queen of Portugal; our advantages of trade were abandoned; and, after a long and unequal struggle, our poor-houses became filled with the wounded, the cast-off wretches. Still was peace preserved, and Lord Palmerston lauded. Protocol after protocol went flying across the Channel, until they became the cognomen of the Foreign Secretary, in order to intimidate the King of Holland, and force him to agree to that spoliation which France had occasioned, and to which England had consented.

France, although in times of non-intervention and peace, marches a large army across the frontier, and besieges Antwerp. England, equally pacific, occupies the Scheldt. The city and citadel fall: the troops retire *with their prisoners:* the fleet is recalled; and 'Non-intervention' re-echoed. That is what you are pleased to call 'Peace!!'"

"Well, sir," resumes the astonished Whig, "what think you of our Free Trade?"—"We think, sir, that a more ruinous theory never was pursued; it is merely an act of generosity on our part, in order to give foreigners a kind of premium upon our ruin. Well have the lines of prophecy, in Byron's Curse of Minerva, come to pass:

> "The idle merchant o'er the useless quay
> Sighs o'er the bale no ship shall bear away;
> Or, back returning to its native shore,
> Rot peacemeal in the now neglected store."

Ask of your merchant in the city, how is trade: his words will soon convince you, that, far from gaining by this foolish theory, the merchant is nearer the Gazette, than the sweet retirement for a life of toil.

"In the end," replies the Whig, "it will all come

right. You Tories wish to change every thing; but remember what Bulwer says, that when a people once acquire power they never relinquish it. Remember what he says in his beautiful metaphor of the Duke of Wellington patting the horse, by which he means the people, in order to fasten the saddle: once the bit in his mouth, and then, as he says, after the Duke is in power, what is the moral?—why, like the first rider, the horse will be controuled for ever."

"Ah, my dear sir," we reply, "Mr. Bulwer is a great man, and an ultra-Whig. We shall take the figure Mr. B. has used; and we shall shew that power once gained is not always maintained. The horse is with us, as with him, emblematic of the people; and the ascendant to power is Lord Grey. We are not aware if his Lordship was ever taught at Astley's, or Franconi's; but this we do know, that the man who is to ride the people ought to have a comfortable saddle and good stirrups before he begins his exhibition. His Lordship, when he first bought this rough untamed animal, paid a very considerable price in the purchase; and an agreement was entered into between the horse and the rider, that the former

should have less work than formerly, more to eat, and consequently more power. By a promise to enfranchise it shortly, he made it a slave, but soothed the animal into a temporary obedience. 'Come, my good friend,' says his Lordship, 'you are much stronger than I am; you can kick me off again if you don't like me; your will is quite enough to dislodge me; come, the saddle—it is but a ride, recollect!—come, open your mouth—Lord have mercy, what fine teeth! how you could bite, if I displeased you! So, so, old boy. Here I am in the saddle; and now for a cautious pace.' But scarcely had his Lordship got seated, than up jumped his lacquey-de-place, John Russell, with his top-boots and his dandy spurs; and no sooner had he got his arms round Lord Grey's waist, than Lord Durham clung to the two, and off went the steed.—We remember the case of a sailor just landed at Plymouth, his ship paid off, his pockets full, resolving to take an airing on horseback to Ivy-Bridge: With this determination he goes to a stable to hire a horse; but horse after horse was brought out, and none suited the Tar: at last the stable-man, growing out of patience, asked what objection he had to the horses, all of which were war-

ranted, sound and quiet to ride. 'Damn all that,' said the Tar; 'but the horses are not long enough in the back.' 'Not long enough?' replied the astonished groom. 'Certainly not,' replied the son of Neptune: 'why, I have got six more to take up at the turnpike.' So it was with his Lordship: no sooner was he seated than he found himself and his horse burthened with every relation, from Durham to Ellice. Then came a slight difference as to the distribution of food. The hungry riders stuck on with the tenacity of leaches: they kept sucking the poor animal's blood, until the beast became aware of its increased burthen from its inability to go half the destined distance. It is mentioned in Bruce's Travels, that there is a small fly in Shangallah, possessing so sharp a sting as to penetrate the skin of elephants and rhinoceroses; and that these sagacious animals, by way of evading their tiny enemies, roll in the mud, and thus crush or smother the vermin. The blood-sucking crew of the English horse began, as he slackened his pace, to goad him on by whip and spur. One pulls the reins one way, and the other the other; until the horse began to find it carried his enemies, and not his friends. It began,

therefore, to shew the power on which Lord Grey had formerly complimented it: it kicked, and flung, and pranced, and swerved; until at last it shyed at some men standing round a thimble-table by the road side: three or four of the riders slipped off, to avoid a fall; and the rest, with great difficulty, and assisted by a handy man named Ebrington, succeeded in keeping their seats; but the horse, worried, became wild: it flew away with its riders; and it was about to take the Holyhead road, when a big Irishman with a cudgel, named O'Connell, jumped from behind a hedge and attempted to seize the bridle: the horse swerved from its straight path, and Lord Grey was thrown; indeed, some say that he was shoved off by Brougham, who wished to take the reins. A clever rider, however, took his Lordship's place. But all was discord and disorder; one wanted to take this road, the other that; until the infuriated animal, now at the top of his speed, suddenly, owing to the fright occasioned by an elderly man in a Spencer *kicking a bucket*, stopped short, and pitched the whole pack over his head; and, leaving them in the ditch, ran back to the very stables from which he had been purchased. Now, we think that

from Bulwer's own mouth we have proved, that in this, as in all his attempts at wit, he finds us weapons against himself.

"Well," replies the Whig, "you admit the horse gained its liberty?"

"Yes, at the expense of the riders. But what liberty do they want more than they have? they move about without a passport, and write without a censor. If they want to shew themselves, don't they walk, to the tune of 20,000, with the lock-step, like soldiers, to present a petition? Have they not Dr. Wade to watch over them; Devear to make propositions; and Thurston, the billiard-table maker, to second them? (We fear the ruin brought on him by the invention of iron tables has made him a Radical.) Have we not seen a parcel of these poor servile creatures stand by the road-side, as his Majesty passed in his carriage, and make signs indicative of the fate of Charles I.? Have we not had a Lord Chancellor who was so well aware of the liberty of the subject, that when the King sent for the keeper of his conscience to surrender the Seals, actually took the liberty to send them; and two others of the thrown riders to do much the same thing?"

"Say what you like, but our liberty would be in danger had not the Whigs put a stop to bribery."—"You had better put a stop to that question. We know that bribery has been pretty well proved to exist; and we likewise know that a petition was presented to a certain personage, praying that a Member of the House might be unseated, because he had promised ten pounds a vote and only paid five; and this gentleman was one of the loudest against bribery and corruption. Look at the sums spent in elections. Are these expenses for carriages, or for the horses? As to liberty, either of conscience or of person, we defy any man to point out the smallest item to be deducted from that word, as Englishmen have always understood that word, and as they have enjoyed it under the Constitutional Government of Great Britain. Why, then, a question about the word? Why have we always a reference to the French Revolution, which has ended in the slavery of that people? How came, we ask, the French to lose the liberty for which they had their three *inglorious* days? Simply for this reason: the King of the French knew, that, having obtained his throne, his only chance of maintaining it was by kicking down the steps by which he

had mounted. Away went Lafitte; away went La Fayette; and up sprang the Marshal Soult, Marshal Gerard, the Army, the National Guards. Alas! how true it is, that those who obtain an object by popular favour, invariably lose it by popular clamour! You teach the people you wish to govern, how to insult, how to despise you. To what purpose were all the pledges given to the people, that taxation should cease; that manna should again fall from heaven; that rivers should turn to wine (or we might use Jack Cade's more indecent allusion)? And what is the consequence? When the disappointment came, the voice of the people was directed against those who had deceived them: down came the idol from its pedestal. The god has fallen!

"Mr. Bulwer asserts, that the system of liberal government is to cease, and a tyranny to begin: but can this great writer suppose it impossible for the Tory Administration to remove the impediments to the well-working of the Reform Bill, without abrogating the law; or that they cannot redress injuries as well as my Lord Grey, or his successor Lord Melbourne? The mischief was done when the Unions were allowed to exist, and when his Majesty's

Ministers corresponded with the delegates, and *franked* sedition; and the climax was when the House of Lords was brought into disrepute by the wrangling of the Chancellor, or allowing itself to be a chamber to record the votes of the Commons. Tell us, sir, if that chamber of the highest tribunal is to be a bye-word and a scoff? Are the men who stand between the people and the King to be swept away, and hereditary honour cease, because a nation, as fickle as the animals to which they have been compared, have led the way to this destruction? Did not the Barons of old stand firm against the perjuries of John, and gain from him the Charter of those liberties which has been the corner-stone of the freedom of Englishmen? And now, to what would you change this chamber of the highest born of our country? Not into a deliberative assembly; not into a council, where those who possess high education may coolly examine the dangers which beset an innovation; not into a body forming a part of the Legislature; but, no: into a *faction!* (Good Heavens! that ever we should have been taught the word as applicable to the House of Lords!)—into a body of men who were to hear, but not to deliberate or to

differ;—a kind of automaton council to sign bills, directed and governed by the House of Commons! To such would the buffooneries of the late Chancellor have led; for, with this keeper of the King's conscience on the woolsack (so far fitting, that he had no trouble about his own), the debates of this high and honourable House were fast verging into angry recriminations and indecent clamour. Can we forget the expression of countenance when he, who should have been (to use Mr. Bulwer's term) the incarnation of Order, cried with a sharp voice, when an Illustrious Individual said 'No,' 'Yes, yes; *I* say *yes?*' But he is not alone to blame. Call to mind when the Prime Minister desired the Bishops 'to set their houses in order'—(did Lord Grey know the termination of the verse? "for ye shall perish, and not live")—then followed disputes, hasty words, recriminations, accusations, and flippant folly dignified as wit: but it was not wit—without, indeed, we apply to Lord Brougham what is said of women generally, 'that which is impudence in man is wit in them.'"

"Pray, sir," says the Whig, "answer me this, How have the Whigs remained in, if their mis-

rule was so evident as you would lead us to believe?"

We will answer you that. There are in the House of Commons numerous Members who have pledged themselves to reforms and reductions which never have or ever could take place. No sooner did the Ministers find themselves beaten, or likely to be so, on any question, then they called out, "Gentlemen, if you do not support us we must resign." The hint was sufficient: with their resignation might come a dissolution; and that would be a dissolution in regard to the political lives of half the House of Commons. The Constituents of the various Members would soon bring them to an awkward examination on the hustings: the mountebanks of the moment would twist and caper, and ultimately fall into their merited disgrace, or rather into the mud of their own private society. Then, when the House revolted and passed the Malt Bill, the Ministers talked of resignations—the Bill was rescinded, after a short debate. "We have resigned," said Lord Althorp. "*I* have not," said Brougham. Up jumps Lord Ebrington (called the Resurrection-man of the Whigs), spade in hand; he soon dresses

up the corps again, and props them on the Ministerial benches, by means of a signified confidence in the Government. All those who were dignified by franking letters, all those who by their seats avoided *a Bench*, took good care to sign this precious document. "We really must resign," said Mr. Littleton. "Now don't, that's a good fellow," says Mr. Faithful. "Well, I won't," replied the Irish Secretary; "and I dare say, Mr. O'Connell, you will look over my breach of confidence?"

"Oh, oh," screams the Whig, "Mr. Littleton, like Mr. Bulwer's snake with his tail in his mouth, is the emblem of innocence."

Just so, sir, we answer. We would take Mr. Bulwer's hieroglyphic to exemplify our own meaning. Can one imagine a more happy illustration, than Mr. Littleton, as the mouth of the Ministry, soothing Mr. O'Connell and his tail! and, for fear of a prosecution from the Society for the Suppression of Vice, he was desired not to commit himself. Of all the acts of the Whig Government, this was the worst; to truckle to a man who, in all his Radical ravings, in all his pot-house epistles, called upon his Majesty's subjects to agitate, agitate, agitate (nor

was he singular in this respect): a man who exists upon a rent wrung from the almost pennyless pockets of (to use his own expression) a beggared nation: a man who has seen his best friend in gaol for the work of his own pen: a man who termed national honour national cant; and whose only pretension to power was in the weakness of the Administration he once lauded, and now despises. Never was there in British history so degrading a picture as this head and tail story.

"Good God! do you not allow, then, that the Whigs did any thing?"

Faith, not we: they did too much; and here follows a short account of their works:—They passed a Reform Bill which has confused the people; They ruined the East-India Company, and deluged the country with English tea; They crushed the West-India Merchants; They liberated the Negroes, and made them free to starve, or to rest; They took twenty millions of money, to do this laudable wrong; They prohibited the chimney-sweepers from crying "Sweep;" They amended the Poor-Laws so beautifully that half the paupers are starving, and the Lord Chancellor asserted "that the poor had no prescriptive right to relief, and that all legal pro-

visions for the poor was bad"—excepting his own retiring pension; They brought in a Church Reform which they were obliged to abandon; And they listened to Whittle Harvey's defence and O'Connell's debates. They brought the House of Lords and the High-church party into disrepute; and one Whig framed a Bill to relieve Bishops from their labours. They upheld usurpers: they assisted them, not indirectly, but directly. They ruined commerce: they enabled the foreign merchant to beat our own. They fastened at least fifty blood-suckers on the state, and all Lord Grey's friends are to fatten for ever. They made Ponsonby a Bishop, Brougham a Chancellor, Denman a Chief Judge. They created a factious spirit abroad; and at home corresponded with illegal societies—first framed, then endeavoured to crush, the Unions; until at last, wearied of their own follies, they made one great effort, and created Rolfe the Solicitor-General!! Now your war-cry is, "Whig and Radical, unite; forget your differences:" but the Whigs, with all their folly, will never forget the difference between a *Radical* and a *Gentleman*. The Radicals may be so inclined, and thus lend their assistance to form

that ultra-Whig administration in which Mr. Bulwer hopes to play so conspicuous a part. Lord Durham's wounded vanity has induced him to become the leader of the Radicals: he thought it better "to reign in hell" than not at all (*King Coal redivivus*); but that he did not like to march through Coventry with them, was very evident at the public dinner, when he found himself supported in the chair by Mr. Gully, on the one side—who, although he may now be able to "post the coal" as well as his Lordship, was formerly, as his Lordship remembered, a common prize-fighter—and a Sir something Chaytor on the other, over whom Mr. Gully has a vast advantage in point of celebrity.

The Whigs have proved, sir, to the English people, that it is a very expensive thing to call in a new Government with hungry relations to be provided for: they have proved that those who promise the most perform the least; that they have all the faults and imperfections which by their enemies have been ascribed to the Tories, without one tithe of the talent by which the measures of the latter have ever been regulated, or the honesty and candour with which their principles have ever been fearlessly avowed.

Printed by Geo. Ellerton, Gough Square, London.

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